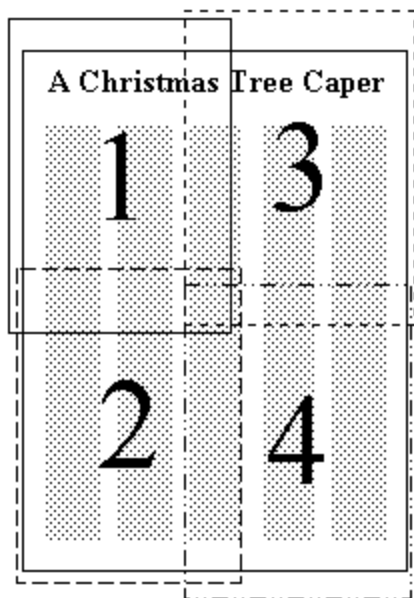


NOTE: This newspaper appearance was divided and enlarged to fill 8 ½" x 11" pages, roughly in the manner shown below.



BRENDA STARR



Always the Season

By JACK RITCHIE

(Copyright 1953 by News Syndicate Co. Inc.)

MISS LINDA WILLIAMS stopped her typing and gazed out of the law office windows. She put her chin on the palm of her hand and appreciated the way he looked from the back.

There he was again, just ten feet and one plate glass window away. She liked the way he carried himself and even the way he frowned at his watch because the bus was late.

He wore a tan topcoat and a matching hat and carried a shiny new briefcase. Miss Williams thought the clothes fitted wonderfully.

Miss Tessie Harris, the other secretary for Berg, Berg, and Bronson, Attorneys, quit sorting copies of a brief. She was late thirtyish, slightly plump, and met most of life's troubles with a grin. "Maybe he's married," Tessie said.

Linda heard the remark from far away and took some time in responding. "He can't be," she said. "Otherwise I wouldn't feel this way."

Tessie came closer to the window for a critical inspection. "I guess you're right," she said. "I don't know exactly what that married look is supposed to be, but he hasn't got it."

The big yellow bus picked up the object of their attention and then whisked him away.

"You don't even know his name," Tessie said.

Linda's voice reflected despair. "What can I do? Every day I push this desk closer and closer to the window, hoping he'll notice me. In another few days I'll be out on the street."

PUFFED CONTENTEDLY ON HIS CIGAR

The senior Mr. Berg came out of his office puffing contentedly on a cigar. He put a sheaf of papers on Linda's desk. "Turn this on

wrong with her?" he asked Tessie. "Sick or something?"

"She's in love," Tessie said.

Mr. Berg said, "Oh!" He clasped his hands behind his back and stared out at the wind rustling dead leaves along the street. "Isn't it the wrong time of the year for that?" he asked.

In the course of another week of desk moving, Linda Williams lost three pounds and acquired the pallor of sadness. Miss Tessie, who regarded Linda as a daughter, felt infinite compassion.

One morning as Linda blinked away a tear, Tessie patted her consolingly on the shoulder.

"I just don't know what to do to attract his attention," Linda said, sniffing. "And still be a lady."

"I know who he is," Tessie Harris said.

Linda ceased dabbing at her eyes and looked at Tessie.

"His name is James Finchley Woke," Tessie said. "He's junior partner in the law firm of Wade and Woke." She colored a little. "I followed him yesterday, my day off."

Linda was aghast. "You didn't!"

"I did," Tessie said firmly.

Linda went dreamy. "James Finchley Woke," she said with soft reverence. "Isn't that beautiful?"

"Absolutely heavenly," Tessie said.

Then Linda sighed. "But what good does knowing his name do for me? I'm still out in the cold."

Tessie was about to make a sharp remark to the effect that girls nowadays had no gumption whatsoever. However she remembered in time that she was a fine one to talk. There was 'no Mrs.' in front of her name either.

"Nothing like that," Tessie said. "Only a few crumpled fenders. But Mr. Ponsonbee was quite angry about it."

Linda's eyes went wide. "Mr. Ponsonbee!"

Tessie recalled it to mind. "My heavens!" she said. "The names he called me! And the names I called him!" Triumph gleamed in her eye. "All in all, I rather think I got the better of it."

In the afternoon Mr. Ponsonbee, his features blackened by a scowl, shouldered his way through the entrance doors.

He exchanged glares with Tessie Harris and then stormed into the senior Berg's private office.

Two minutes later he came out dragging Mr. Berg along by the elbow. "There!" he roared, pointing at Tessie. "There she is! Right in your office!"

Mr. Berg was more than confused. "You, Tessie?" he asked. "You struck Mr. Ponsonbee's car?"

"I have nothing to say," Miss Tessie Harris said, holding her head high. Then she lowered it to glance at her watch. "However, you may speak to my lawyer. He should be here any minute now."

Mr. James Finchley Woke got out of the bus across the street and lost a step or two when he saw where the address was. He squared his shoulders, adjusted his hat and tie, and entered the offices of Berg, Berg, and Bronson.

DID HE HAVE ENOUGH NERVE?

He glanced at Linda and wondered for the seventieth time that week whether he would ever get up enough nerve to talk to her. She always seemed so remote and aloof as she sat there at the window, busy typing every morning.

Right now he thought that she appeared somewhat startled.

"Here he is now," Tessie said

The C



WHEN HI

him to speak to any party. He look directly at

Send a stamp NEWS, 200 E. 42 for the Teen Ag

pletely oblivious she made on ever "I've decided to sue," Mr. Woke said. Linda stopped Harris is over t Mr. Woke favor brief glance. "Ye course."

He turned back could be a long d It's a matter of p Tessie's voice es the background. " good a place as a

frowned at his watch because the bus was late.

He wore a tan topcoat and a matching hat and carried a shiny new briefcase. Miss Williams thought the clothes fitted wonderfully.

Miss Tessie Harris, the other secretary for Berg, Berg, and Bronson, Attorneys, quit sorting copies of a brief. She was late thirtyish, slightly plump, and met most of life's troubles with a grin. "Maybe he's married," Tessie said.

Linda heard the remark from far away and took some time in responding. "He can't be," she said. "Otherwise I wouldn't feel this way."

Tessie came closer to the window for a critical inspection. "I guess you're right," she said. "I don't know exactly what that married look is supposed to be, but he hasn't got it."

The big yellow bus picked up the object of their attention and then whisked him away.

"You don't even know his name," Tessie said.

Linda's voice reflected despair. "What can I do? Every day I push this desk closer and closer to the window, hoping he'll notice me. In another few days I'll be out on the street."

PUFFED CONTENTEDLY ON HIS CIGAR

The senior Mr. Berg came out of his office puffing contentedly on a cigar. He put a sheaf of papers on Linda's desk. "Type this up, will you, Linda," he said. "No particular hurry. It's Ponsonbee again."

"Honestly!" Tessie said. "That old man is impossible."

"So he likes to sue people," Mr. Berg said. "Don't be too hard on him. Every man's got to have a hobby."

Tessie glanced at the papers and lifted an eyebrow. "He's suing just because his neighbor's car knocked down a couple of bushes on the boundary of his property!"

Mr. Berg grinned. "It's the principle of the thing." Then he shrugged his shoulders. "Also I couldn't talk him out of it."

Linda's eyes were still cloudy and now Mr. Berg noticed. "What's

his hands behind his back and stared out at the wind rustling dead leaves along the street. "Isn't it the wrong time of the year for that?" he asked.

In the course of another week of desk moving, Linda Williams lost three pounds and acquired the pallor of sadness. Miss Tessie, who regarded Linda as a daughter, felt infinite compassion.

One morning as Linda blinked away a tear, Tessie patted her consolingly on the shoulder.

"I just don't know what to do to attract his attention," Linda said, sniffing. "And still be a lady."

"I know who he is," Tessie Harris said.

Linda ceased dabbing at her eyes and looked at Tessie.

"His name is James Finchley Woke," Tessie said. "He's junior partner in the law firm of Wade and Woke." She colored a little. "I followed him yesterday, my day off."

Linda was aghast. "You didn't!"

"I did," Tessie said firmly.

Linda went dreamy. "James Finchley Woke," she said with soft reverence. "Isn't that beautiful?"

"Absolutely heavenly," Tessie said.

Then Linda sighed. "But what good does knowing his name do for me? I'm still out in the cold."

Tessie was about to make a sharp remark to the effect that girls nowadays had no gumption whatsoever. However she remembered in time that she was a fine one to talk. There was no "Mrs." in front of her name either.

She turned to her work, brooding for a while on her personal problems before she returned her thoughts to Mr. Woke.

The next morning Miss Tessie Harris was two hours late for work. There was the fire of anger in her eyes, but also a considerable amount of satisfaction.

"What happened, Tessie?" Linda asked. "I was worried and called your apartment, but you didn't answer."

Tessie took off her gloves and coat. "Nothing much," she said. "I just had a small accident with my car."

"Oh, Dear!" Linda said sympathetically. "I hope no one was hurt."

eye. All in all, a rather lucky I got the better of it."

In the afternoon Mr. Ponsonbee, his features blackened by a scowl, shouldered his way through the entrance doors.

He exchanged glares with Tessie Harris and then stormed into the senior Berg's private office.

Two minutes later he came out dragging Mr. Berg along by the elbow. "There!" he roared, pointing at Tessie. "There she is! Right in your office!"

Mr. Berg was more than confused. "You, Tessie?" he asked. "You struck Mr. Ponsonbee's car?"

"I have nothing to say," Miss Tessie Harris said, holding her head high. Then she lowered it to glance at her watch. "However, you may speak to my lawyer. He should be here any minute now."

Mr. James Finchley Woke got out of the bus across the street and lost a step or two when he saw where the address was. He squared his shoulders, adjusted his hat and tie, and entered the offices of Berg, Berg, and Bronson.

DID HE HAVE ENOUGH NERVE?

He glanced at Linda and wondered for the seventieth time that week whether he would ever get up enough nerve to talk to her. She always seemed so remote and aloof as she sat there at the window, busy typing every morning.

Right now he thought that she appeared somewhat startled.

"Here he is now," Tessie said dramatically.

Mr. Berg extended his hand. "I'm Berg," he said, "I'm representing Mr. Ponsonbee. I'm sure we can come to some reasonable settlement."

Linda had a reproving stare for Tessie, but there was very little sting in it.

Tessie avoided her eyes, but her attitude was plainly that of one who had done a good job.

The conference was a relatively short one, because Mr. Ponsonbee lost his temper and stalked out. As the outer door closed behind him, Mr. James Finchley Woke wandered about the office until he found himself in front of Linda's desk.

She was typing madly, com-



WHEN HE IS

him to speak to his any party. He should look directly at the

Send a stamped, NEWS, 200 E. 42d St for the Teen Age."

pletely oblivious to she made on every ot "I've decided that sue," Mr. Woke said.

Linda stopped ty Harris is over there Mr. Woke favored brief glance. "Yes," course."

He turned back to could be a long draw It's a matter of princ

Tessie's voice came the background. "Thi good a place as any ferences."

Mr. Woke thought brilliant idea. "Ex said. "Why didn't I ti

He stood there in playing with the leaving. Finally he throat. "You know," Linda. "This is ratl dence."

"Really?" Miss Li said, with magnificent knowing that coincide little to do with it.

Mr. Woke felt war said: "I've been takin right outside of this last month."

He cleared his t "I've noticed you," h Linda's heart be

TERRY



OH, GOLLY! LO SUN'S CHOW AND THE FIRE DID IT. I'M IN LINE FOR SACK TIME, MADAM D.L.

YOU AND CHARLES MAY MAKE YOURSELVES COMFORTABLE HERE TERRY.

THE DRAGON LADY WILL SHARE THE SLEEPING CHAMBER BEYOND WITH O'HARA.

YOU GO AHEAD AND PUT UP YOUR HAIR, GAL. I'LL BE ALONG LATER...

AS SC LOTHA

HOWEVER, AS BRENDA COMES AROUND THE CURVE

WELL, FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE! I'M BEING INTERCEPTED BY ANOTHER HITCHHIKER!

CAN I GIVE YOU A LIFT?

AND HOW! COME ON, GANG!

the Season

The Correct Thing *By Elinor Ames*

IE

(to Co. Inc.)

her typing and gazed she put her chin on the way he looked from

with her?" he asked Tessie. something?"

s in love," Tessie said.

erg said, "Oh!" He clasped his behind his back and out at the wind rustling leaves along the street. "Isn't wrong time of the year for he asked.

a course of another week of oving, Linda Williams lost ounds and acquired the pal-adness. Miss Tessie, who re-Linda as a daughter, felt compassion.

morning as Linda blinked tear, Tessie patted her con-on the shoulder.

st don't know what to do to his attention," Linda said, g. "And still be a lady."

ow who he is," Tessie Har-l.

a ceased dabbling at her eyes ked at Tessie.

name is James Finchley Tessie said. "He's junior

e in the law firm of Wade oke." She colored a little.

owed him yesterday, my day

a was aghast. "You didn't!" id," Tessie said firmly.

a went dreamy. "James ey Woke," she said with soft

ce. "Isn't that beautiful?" solutely heavenly," Tessie

1 Linda sighed. "But what does knowing his name do

a? I'm still out in the cold." ie was about to make a

remark to the effect that nowadays had no gumption

oever. However she reer-ed in time that she was a

one to talk. There was no " in front of her name either.

turned to her work broad-

"Nothing like that," Tessie said. "Only a few crumpled fenders. But Mr. Ponsonbee was quite angry about it."

Linda's eyes went wide. "Mr. Ponsonbee!"

Tessie recalled it to mind. "My heavens!" she said. "The names he called me! And the names I called him!" Triumph gleamed in her eye. "All in all, I rather think I got the better of it."

In the afternoon Mr. Ponsonbee, his features blackened by a scowl, shouldered his way through the entrance doors.

He exchanged glares with Tessie Harris and then stormed into the senior Berg's private office.

Two minutes later he came out dragging Mr. Berg along by the elbow. "There!" he roared, pointing at Tessie. "There she is! Right in your office!"

Mr. Berg was more than confused. "You, Tessie?" he asked. "You struck Mr. Ponsonbee's car?"

"I have nothing to say," Miss Tessie Harris said, holding her head high. Then she lowered it to glance at her watch. "However, you may speak to my lawyer. He should be here any minute now."

Mr. James Finchley Woke got out of the bus across the street and lost a step or two when he saw where the address was. He squared his shoulders, adjusted his hat and tie, and entered the offices of Berg, Berg, and Bronson.

DID HE HAVE ENOUGH NERVE?

He glanced at Linda and wondered for the seventieth time that week whether he would ever get up enough nerve to talk to her. She always seemed so remote and aloof as she sat there at the window, busy typing every morning.

Right now he thought that she appeared somewhat startled.

"Here he is now," Tessie said dramatically.



WHEN HE IS A GUEST— You'll help your son gain social poise if you teach him to speak to his hostess when he arrives at and departs from any party. He should also be reminded that it is important that he look directly at the person with whom he is speaking.

Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Elinor Ames, THE NEWS, 200 E. 42d St., New York 17, N. Y., for the leaflet, "Etiquette for the Teen Age."

pletely oblivious to the mistakes she made on every other word.

"I've decided that we ought to sue," Mr. Woke said.

Linda stopped typing. "Miss Harris is over there," she said.

Mr. Woke favored Tessie with a brief glance. "Yes," he said. "Of course."

He turned back to Linda. "This could be a long drawn out affair. It's a matter of principle."

Tessie's voice came loudly from the background. "This would be as good a place as any for our conferences."

from a fast one hundred to a faster one hundred and twenty.

Mr. Woke seemed about to make a break for the door, but he turned back and spoke resolutely. "I've got two tickets for the ice show tonight," he said. "And I was wondering..." Naturally Mr. Woke had nothing of the kind, but he could get them.

"Well..." Linda said cautiously. "I have been wanting to see the ice show."

After the happily dazed Mr. Woke left, Tessie and Linda hugged each other and Linda was delirious for half an hour. When

the wind rustling the street. "Isn't of the year for

another week of da Williams lost acquired the pal-is Tessie, who re-a daughter, felt n. is Linda blinked e patted her con-oulder. ow what to do to ion," Linda said, ill be a lady." is," Tessie Har-

bbing at her eyes ssie, James Finchley id. "He's junior w firm of Wade colored a little. esterday, my day

st. "You didn't!" said firmly. reamy. "James she said with soft that beautiful?" eavenly," Tessie

ghed. "But what ng his name do out in the cold." out to make a the effect that ad no gumption wever she re-e that she was a There was 'no her name either. her work, brood-on her personal she returned her Woke.

ing Miss Tessie hours late for the fire of anger lso a considerable action. d, Tessie?" Linda orried and called but you didn't

her gloves and much," she said. all accident with

inda said sympa-pe no one was

got the better of it." In the afternoon Mr. Ponsonbee, his features blackened by a scowl, shouldered his way through the entrance doors.

He exchanged glares with Tessie Harris and then stormed into the senior Berg's private office.

Two minutes later he came out dragging Mr. Berg along by the elbow. "There!" he roared, pointing at Tessie. "There she is! Right in your office!"

Mr. Berg was more than confused. "You, Tessie?" he asked. "You struck Mr. Ponsonbee's car?"

"I have nothing to say," Miss Tessie Harris said, holding her head high. Then she lowered it to glance at her watch. "However, you may speak to my lawyer. He should be here any minute now."

Mr. James Finchley Woke got out of the bus across the street and lost a step or two when he saw where the address was. He squared his shoulders, adjusted his hat and tie, and entered the offices of Berg, Berg, and Bronson.

DID HE HAVE ENOUGH NERVE?

He glanced at Linda and wondered for the seventieth time that week whether he would ever get up enough nerve to talk to her. She always seemed so remote and aloof as she sat there at the window, busy typing every morning.

Right now he thought that she appeared somewhat startled.

"Here he is now," Tessie said dramatically.

Mr. Berg extended his hand. "I'm Berg," he said, "I'm representing Mr. Ponsonbee. I'm sure we can come to some reasonable settlement."

Linda had a reproving stare for Tessie, but there was very little sting in it.

Tessie avoided her eyes, but her attitude was plainly that of one who had done a good job.

The conference was a relatively short one, because Mr. Ponsonbee lost his temper and stalked out. As the outer door closed behind him, Mr. James Finchley Woke wandered about the office until he found himself in front of Linda's desk.

She was typing madly, com-



WHEN HE IS A GUEST—

You'll help your son gain social poise if you teach him to speak to his hostess when he arrives at and departs from any party. He should also be reminded that it is important that he look directly at the person with whom he is speaking.

Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Elinor Ames, THE NEWS, 200 E. 42d St., New York 17, N. Y., for the leaflet, "Etiquette for the Teen Age."

pletely oblivious to the mistakes she made on every other word.

"I've decided that we ought to sue," Mr. Woke said.

Linda stopped typing. "Miss Harris is over there," she said.

Mr. Woke favored Tessie with a brief glance. "Yes," he said. "Of course."

He turned back to Linda. "This could be a long drawn out affair. It's a matter of principle."

Tessie's voice came loudly from the background. "This would be as good a place as any for our conferences."

Mr. Woke thought that was a brilliant idea. "Excellent," he said. "Why didn't I think of that."

He stood there in the silence playing with the thought of leaving. Finally he cleared his throat. "You know," he said to Linda. "This is rather a coincidence."

"Really?" Miss Linda Williams said, with magnificent nonchalance, knowing that coincidence had very little to do with it.

Mr. Woke felt warm. "Yes," he said. "I've been taking a bus daily right outside of this office for the last month."

He cleared his throat again. "I've noticed you," he said.

Linda's heart beat increased

from a fast one hundred to a faster one hundred and twenty.

Mr. Woke seemed about to make a break for the door, but he turned back and spoke resolutely. "I've got two tickets for the ice show tonight," he said. "And I was wondering . . ." Naturally Mr. Woke had nothing of the kind, but he could get them.

"Well . . ." Linda said cautiously. "I have been wanting to see the ice show."

After the happily dazed Mr. Woke left, Tessie and Linda hugged each other and Linda was delirious for half an hour. When she came out of her cloud, she saw that Tessie's mood had changed. She actually appeared downcast and moody.

"What's the matter, Tessie?" Linda asked, worried.

"It's Woke's partner," Tessie said, sighing. "I saw him before I insisted on seeing Woke."

Tessie gazed into space. "Mr. Albert Horace Wade. Distinguished touches of gray at the temples, about forty, and single, I'm sure."

Linda was a loyal and true friend. She laid aside her happiness for the moment and sat down to help Tessie think about Mr. Albert Horace Wade.

He didn't have a chance.

THE END

ES MAY
SELVES
LE HERE,
TERRY.

THE DRAGON LADY WILL
SHARE THE SLEEPING
CHAMBER BEYOND
WITH O'HARA.

YOU GO AHEAD AND PUT
UP YOUR HAIR, GAL. I'LL
BE ALONG LATER...

AS SOON AS THE KING OF THE LAGGARD
LOTHARIOS AND I HAVE HAD A NICE, COZY
CHAT.

